### ARNOLD DOUGLAS BROWN



ponald McKay, Chief of the Warm In after and his Modoc warriors.

Brown's Native Herbs in Liquid for all aches and pains. Price 25c.

some 35 years ago Mr. Arnold Doug-| Form, composed of roots and herbs of

In after years Mr. Arnold Douglas springs Indians. This was soon after Brown kept experimenting and gradthe close of the Modoc War of 1873. ually perfecting a system of produc-The whole country was at that time tion whereby he brought out this interested in the success of Donald great Indian Medicine and gave it the McKay and his Warm Springs Indians name of Brown's Native Herbs in and their war against Captain Jack Liquid Form. A medicine which has made Mr. Arnold Douglas Brown fa-Arnold Douglas Brown became in- mous throughout the country, because terested with Donald McKay in giving this remedy has proven itself as sima series of Indian exhibitions, visiting ple as Nature itself. It brings about all the large cities of the United a healthy, lasting action and effect states. Wth these Indians there was upon the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, an old Indian Medicine Man who had Bowels and Blood. Building up the been taken along by the company to Blood, purifying the system, strengthlook after the health of the tribe in ening the nerves and restoring healcase of sickness.

This old Medicine Man and Arnold Douglas Brown became staunch Stomach Trouble, Constipation or feel friends and many valuable secrets of run-down in any way will find Brown's how to make medicines as the Indians Native Herbs in Liquid Form a great used them, were given Mr. Brown. medicine. All druggists sell it at Among them was the formula of \$1.00 a bottle. Use Brown's Liniment

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L. WOLLSTEIN, Prop.

GEO. W. DAVIS FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER. BOTH'PHONES-DAY 137; NIGHT 299.



### A Hole in the Wall

A large and very gray old dog came shambling up the pebbled path leading to the veranda of Orrin Cannon's country home. With a half growl at the owner, the animal entered the open door and vanished down the cor-

Cannon was a new resident of Dewberry, the little village that he had motored through the year before, and that had so inspired him by its quiet and its greenness. This old manse, with the well-kept lawn and neat paths and rare shrubbery, had appealed to him, and a chance remark to the one general merchant of the community, where he had stopped to buy gasoline, had elicited the information that the place was for sale. An impulsive word to his lawyer upon reaching Boston, and the estate was his.

Cannon possessed a fine greyhound. After the curious dog had entered the house there came out to the nature lover the sounds of strenuous battle.

"Keno objects to company," laughed Cannon, as he hurriedly entered the

The aged shepherd dog was outclassed. He was pretty well torn by the punishing jaws of the lithe Keno before Cannon could part them.

Strange to say, the old dog showed no disposition to leave, even after this chastisement. Calling a servant, Cannon turned over to him the bruised and mangled canine with instructions to mend him as well as possible before allowing him to go his way.

That afternoon the Bostonian received his first visitor-a minister of a sect of worship strong in New Eng-

"I am the pastor of the local flock," prefaced Rev. John Dobbs, "and I came to ask if we are to include you in our congregation."

Before Cannon could answer, there came to him again the war-like canine voices, and rushing into the hall he dragged the resentful greyhound from the persistent collie.

"I perceive," came from Rev. John Dobbs, when the two were again in the parlor. "I perceive, sir, that you are of a kindly disposition. Miss Helen wil thank you for your treatment of her dog. He is old. He forgets that this place is no longer his home."

"Ah, then he used to belong here? That accounts for his persistence!"

"Yes, he is owned by Miss Helen. When her uncle died, and by some mischance failed to leave a will making her his heiress, his scape-grace son came into the property, and it was promptly offered for sale. We are all positive that Judge Gray wished Helen to have, at his demise, all of his earthly possessions, but-"

The visit of the minister was followed within the hour by the arrival of a very pretty and evidently very much worried young woman.

"You!" she cried when Orrin Cannon answered the ring at his door.

Cannon's own dark eyes beamed

"You!" he echoed. "Helen Darrow, of all people! I can't imagine you as a

resident of this town." "Nevertheless, I am," laughed the girl. "The miracle, to my mind, is that you are the Cannon who has bought my uncle's home." A wistful

eyes. "I don't know of any one I would rather see here," she finished. It was a warm June day. Cannon had drawn a porch chair forward for

look came into her great blue-black

"You should have married me, Helen," said the man. "You know I loved you, and-sometimes-I half believed you loved me-in spite of the fact that you sent me away."

"Bark, g-r-o-w-l, bark," came from the hall, and with an impatient explanation Cannon sprang to his feet and dashed into the hall.

The dogs were fighting again. While the two previous battles were beyond doubt won by the greyhound, this melee was in favor of the collie, who had a throat hold on his enemy. Hither and you threshed the combatants, nor could Cannon get to them until after they had smashed into a heavy umbrella holder and sent it crashing to the floor.

Then a strange thing happened. As the huge affair struck the side of the tiled wall three feet of this swung silently inward on a concealed hinge to reveal a heavy safe.

The girl, who had followed Cannon into the hall, gasped at the revelation. "The hidden safe that uncle told me of, and that I could never find!"

The door of the safe was ajar. It contained but one article-an important looking paper. "A will!" came breathlessly from

the girl, after she had read this, and it leaves everything to me!" "Which," ruefully commented the

youth, with a sigh, "puts you farther away from me than ever."

"It unites us," corrected the girl, and two arms, there in the dusk of the hall, crept up and about his neck. "I would be lonesome here alone—deau—I want you. I-I want you, O! so much."

Outside, the greyhound bayed angrily, and the collie on guard at the door, ears a-cock, growled in defiance.

Women's Privilege. "Weren't you shy when the judge asked you your age in court?" "Yes, I was about ten years shy, my

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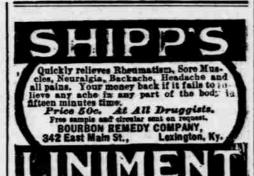
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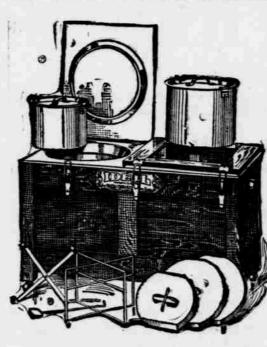
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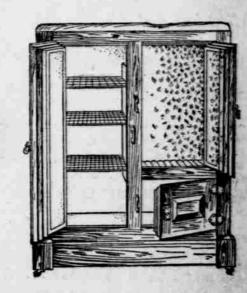
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